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COMIC

A 52 PAGE COMIC MAGAZINE

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MARVEL

# the Lone Ranger





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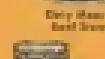
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# the Lone Ranger

## Apache Pass

AS THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO STOP FOR WATER AT THE SPRINGS OF APACHE PASS

"HAD SABRE ROCKS NOT LIKE THAT BEFORE?"

"NO, TONTO. THEY WEREN'T THAT WAY LAST TIME WE RODE BY. REFL. LOOK AT THEM!"

WEIRD CRAZY WOLF AND HIS APACHE PREDATORS

"YES, TONTO, I BELIEVE CRAZY WOLF HAS GONE & PERMANENT AMBOSSED!"

"FROM HIS HABITS, HIS BRAVES WOULD HAVE A PERFECT LINE OF FIRE ON ANYONE AT THE SPRINGS!"

"THEY NOT USE UNTIL YESTERDAY NO EMPTY SHELLS HERE!"



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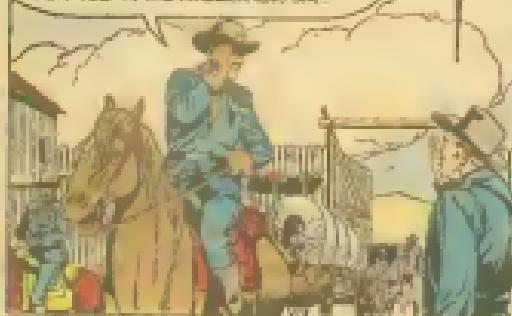
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MEANWHILE, AT FORT TUCSON . . .

COLONEL MURDOCH, CAPTAIN DANIELS REPORTING WITH REINFORCEMENTS FROM CALIFORNIA! AND THERE'S A SURPRISE FOR YOU IN THE AMBULANCE, GRR!

A SURPRISE!



MY DEAR, THIS IS A SURPRISE! BUT WHAT WAS GENERAL BLAKE THINKING OF TO ALLOW SUCH A THING?

I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR NEARLY A YEAR AND WHEN I HEARD THE CONVOY WAS COMING, I KEPT AT THE GENERAL UNTIL HE GAVE ME PERMISSION TO JOIN IT!



WELL, THAT'S JUST LIKE YOU, LUCY! YOU'VE BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO HAVING YOUR OWN WAY!

FATHER, IS CAPTAIN HARRY WILLIAMS STATIONED HERE?



YES, LUCY, HE'S MY RIBBON-HAND MAN! BUT YOU DON'T MEAN AFTER FIVE YEARS YOU STILL HAVEN'T FORGIVEN HIM? HE WAS RIGHT NOT LETTING YOU RIDE THAT RISKY STALLION AT THE OLD POST!

BUT HE DON'T HAVE TO DISCIPLINE ME WITH A SHANKING!

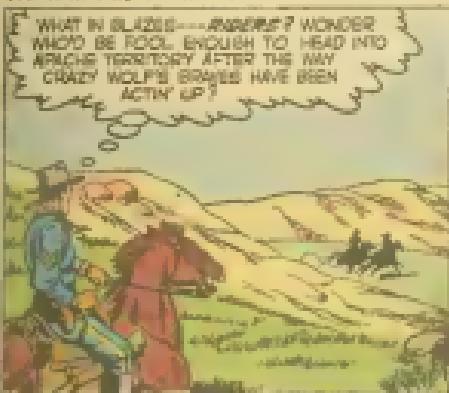


YOU'LL NOT BE SEEING MUCH OF HIM JUST NOW! HE'S CONSTANTLY SENDIN' OUT PATROUS — THE APACHE ARE ON THE MARCHIN'! STAY NEAR THE POST!

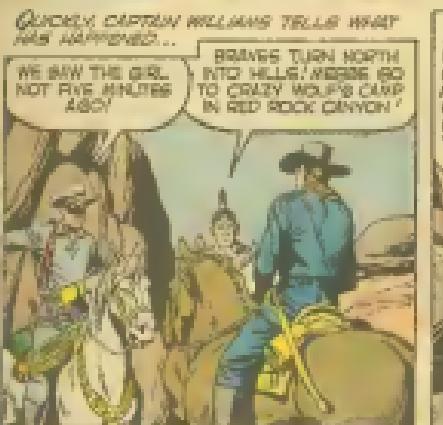
BUT, FATHER, CAPTAIN DANIELS WANTS ME TO GO RIDIN' WITH HIM TOMORROW!



THE NEXT DAY, A FEW MILES EAST OF THE FORT.







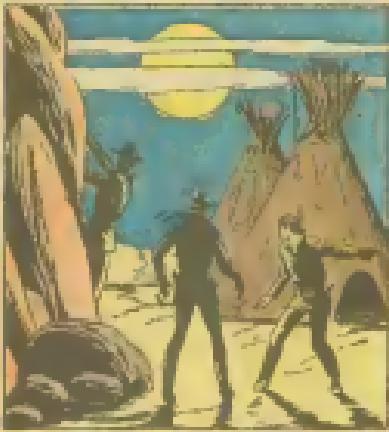




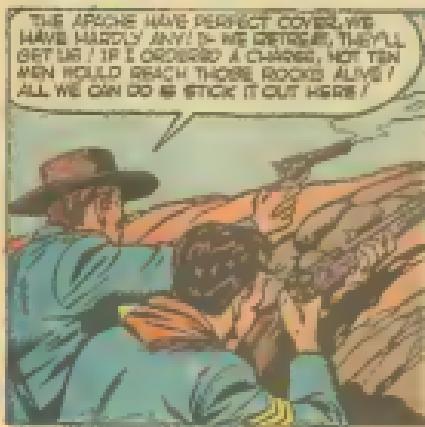
CAREFULLY, THE THREE MEN INCH THEIR  
WAY DOWN THE SHEER CANYON WALL...

BUT AS THEY NEAR THE BOTTOM, SUDDENLY...















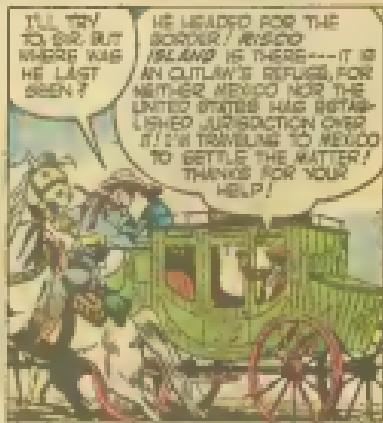
# the Lone Ranger

## the Fugitive

TONTO, LOOK AT THE STATE'S SEAL ON THE COACH--THAT'S THE GOVERNOR'S STAGECOACH!

WEARING RED--UN HERO, HERO DAD!







HERE COMES ROSITA! THAT GINGER TAKES A SWIM TO YOU TROWBRIDGE, BUT IF YOU DON'T THROWN IN WITH HER FIRST, YOU'LL LOSE HER AND THEN YOU'LL BE TURNED OVER TO THE LAW!

AH-ALL RIGHT  
---YOU WIN!



IN MEXICO, I SHOT AND WOUNDED A SOLDIER WHO WOULD BE A DARE NOT GO BACK---

---BUT YOU COULD GO TO THE NEAREST MEXICAN PLAZA AND STAY THERE WATCHING ME, BUT IF I COULD GET A MESSAGE OUT I MIGHT BE ABLE TO PREVENT A STAGE RAIDING!



I'LL TELL HIM THERE'S PUNISHMENT AND HE'LL SET A TRAP! BUT I'LL HAVE TO WEAR SOME THINGS TO IDENTIFY MYSELF FROM THE OTHER MASKED MEN SO HE'LL LET ME ESCAPE!

HERE I WEAR MY RED SCARF! AND TOMORROW I TAKE THE NOTE ACROSS TO THE STATES, BUT NOW I MUST GO INSIDE AND SING!



SOON AFTER, CLAY TROWBRIDGE FINDS TELLING ROSITA WHAT HAS HAPPENED...

NO, CLAY! YOU MUST NOT HELP THOSE BANDITS! YOU ARE THE ONLY HONEST MAN I MEET IN DISCO!

THANKS, ROSITA! BUT WHY ARE YOU ON THIS FORBIDDEN ISLAND?



I WILL CARRY IT OUT! I WILL PUT IT UNDER MY HAIR, WHERE IT IS PINNED UP, BUT TO WHOM DO YOU SEND THE NOTE?

TO MY FRIEND TOM DRAKE, THE OTHER AGENT IN FUENTES!



LATE THE NEXT DAY...

WE MAY NOT HAVE TO GO THERE FOR INFORMATION! THERE ARE A FEW PEOPLE ON THE ISLAND THE LAW DOESN'T WANT! THE OUTLAW USE THEM AS RUNNERS TO THE MAINLAND! THEY STOP THE FIRST GUNNER WHO COMES THIS WAY!









IT'S ADDRESSED TO THE STATION AGENT! IT SAYS THAT RISCO OUTLAWS ARE PLANNING TO ROB THE WESTBOUND STAGE BY THE PEAR THICKET! HALF-MAN TO RISCO! ALL WILL BE AWKED, BUT THE WESTER WILL WEAR A RED SCARF AS MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION! --- WHEN DOES THAT STAGE LEAVE TOWN?

IT LEFT--  
AN HOUR  
AGO!

TONTO AND I  
WILL GO AFTER  
IT AT ONCE!

TILL I GET THE MARSHAL,  
WE'LL ORGANIZE A  
POSSE AND HEAD FOR  
THAT PEAR THICKET AND  
TRY WHERE NOT TOO  
LATE!



AT MOON, BY THE PEAR THICKET...

HERE SHE  
COMES! IT'S  
DO!

LIP WITH YOUR MASKS! ---  
AN' TROMMERSOME, IF YOU  
TRY TO WASH 'EM OR ANY  
THIN', JUST REMEMBER THIS  
IS A COOP THAT'S PORN  
IN YOUR BACK!

SOMETHIN'S  
WRONG! THE RIVER  
IS HOLDING FIGHT  
INTO THE AMMOSAN!



SAM, THERE'S A PILE  
OF CACTUS ON THE  
TRAIL! IT'S HAD TO  
STOP THE STAGE!

THAT MEANS  
IT'S A  
HOLDUP!



THROW DOWN  
THAT SHOTGUN  
PRONTO!

REACH!

I WILL---SOON  
AS I FINISH  
PEPPIN' YOUR  
CROOKED KIDS!

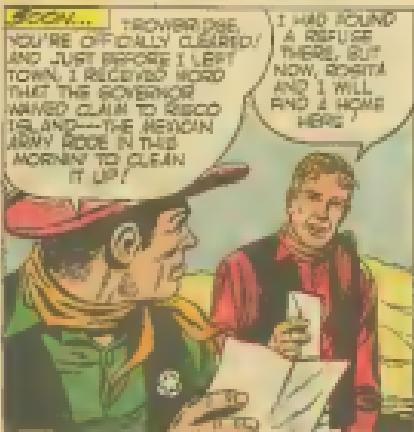








AS TONTO DISMISSES THE OUTLAWS, THE LONG RANGER QUICKLY TELLS CLAY TROWBRIDGE OF ROSITA'S RESCUE AND HIS OFFICIAL DISCHARGE TWO MINUTES LATER...



# the Lone Ranger

## Zanzibar

AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN PIONEER BEND, TEXAS  
INQUIRIES ARE MADE FOR SHERIFF BENTON

BENTON'S OUT OF TOWN!  
MY NAME'S PEPPER 'EM HIS  
DEPUTY AND I'M IN CHARGE.  
IF YOU HAVE ANY BUSINESS  
WITH THE LAW, I'LL  
HANDLE IT!

WE HAVE  
PERSONAL  
MESSAGE  
FOR-U-M  
FROM FRIEND!



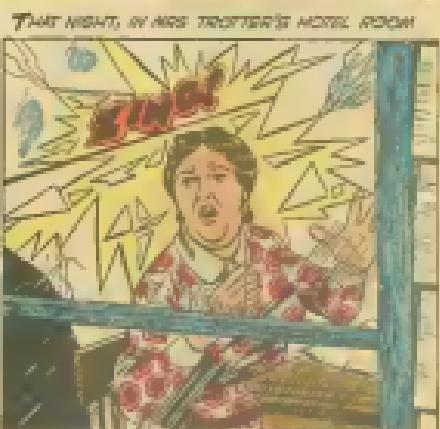
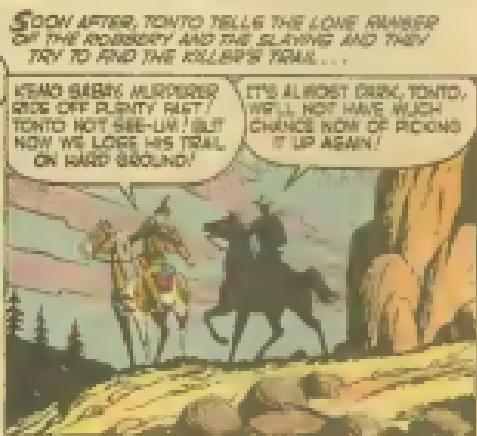
FOOT, I  
GOT TO  
GET THIS  
STOCKBOX  
RIGHT, MRS.  
TROTTER?

WANT A DOG? THAT EASTERN  
FEMALE KEPT KAGGIN' FOR ME  
TO SLOW DOWN ALL THE WAY  
AND WHEN SHE WANTED  
HOLLERIN', HER RABBIT,  
FARZIAR, WORE SQUAWCOW!  
"HOWDY, GENTLEMAN!" SHE  
THOUGHT SHE WAS  
REAL WESTERN!  
WELL, AT LEAST THE  
CASH I GAVE HER  
WAS SAFE!

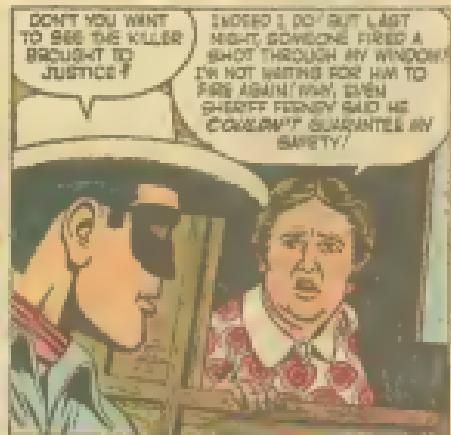












LATER AT FERNIE'S CAMP...

ALL RIGHT, CARLISLE, YOU CAN COME OUTA' NOW! THAT SHOT I FIRED LAST NIGHT SCARED MRS. TROTTER CLEAN OUTA' TOWN!

GOOD! NOW WE'LL DANCE THE WOODY FERNIE! WHAT'S THE SHERIFF GONNA' TO BE OUTA' TOWN AGAIN SO WE CAN PULL ANOTHER JOBBIN'?



I'LL LET YOU KNOW SOON AS HE TELLS ME THE GOOD PART OF BEIN' THE ACTIN' SHERIFF IS THAT THE STAGE LINE TELLS ME WHEN THEY'RE EXPECTIN' A BIG SHIPMENT SO I'LL BE AROUND TOWN TO...

SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!



DON'T LOOK SO WORRIED! YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR! YOU HAD A RIGHT TO BE HERE, EVERYONE KNOWS WE'RE FRIENDS!

—S-SURE! YOU'RE RIGHT! THAT TROTTER WOMAN WAS THE ONLY ONE I HAD TO WORRY ABOUT AN' NOW, SHE'S GONE!



PETE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE DRIVING THE STAGE-COACH EARLY THIS MORNING!

I WAS, BUT I TURNED BACK! MY LONE PASSENGER, MRS. TROTTER, HAD A CHANGE OF HEART! SHE'S DECIDED TO STAY AN' TESTIFY IF THE MURDERER IS EVER FOUND!



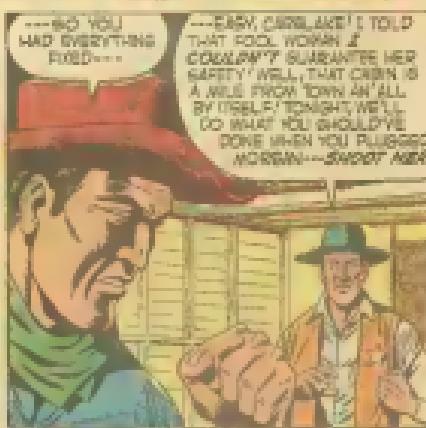
SHE'S STAYIN'?

YES, AN' SHE ASKED ME TO TELL YOU! YOU WEREN'T IN YOUR OFFICE, SO I CAME OUT HERE. I PUT HER UP IN MY SISTER'S CAMP BY DRY CREEK. SHE'S OUT OF TOWN FOR A FEW WEEKS!—ADIOS, SEÑITAS!

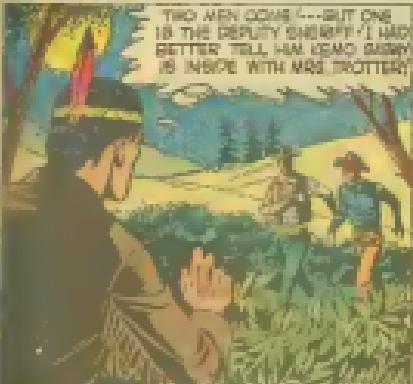


—SO YOU HAD EVERYTHING FIXED?—

—EACH, CARLISLE! I TOLD THAT POOL WOMAN I COULDN'T GUARANTEE HER SAFETY! WELL, THAT CAMP IS A MILE FROM TOWN AN' ALL BY ITSELF. TONIGHT, WE'LL DO WHAT YOU SHOULDVE DONE WHEN YOU PLUGGED MORSEIN—SHOOT 'EM UP!



THAT NIGHT, BY PETE'S BROTHER'S CABIN, TONTO  
WAKES FROM A COMASSED POSITION...



SHERIFF  
FEENEY

—WH—WH—WHO'S THERE?—OH, IT'S YOU,  
INDIAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?



AS FEENEY ENGAGES TONTO'S ATTENTION...



PETE HAS BEEN SPREADING HIS WORD AROUND WHERE YOU ARE! IF MY PLAIN WORKS, THE KILLER SHOULD MAKE A SECOND ATTEMPT ON YOUR LIFE — BUT THIS TIME, TONTO AND I WILL STOP HIM!



THAT'S WHERE  
YOU FIGURED  
WRONG, FEENEY!





# THE WATER OF VENGEANCE



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Jerry Parrin roused from his blanket under the "Prairie Schooner," with the sense that something was very wrong. He sat up, listening. Above the angry muttering of men's voices rose a woman's wail: "We can't go on! We'll die here—!"

Another voice, strong and clear, cut her short.

"Friends!" cried the Reverend Walter Parrin, Jerry's father. "Friends, gather here, in a circle! We'll pray—and then we'll plan what to do!"

As the several families of emigrants moved together into the wagon circle, Jerry touched his mother's arm. He was trembling a little.

"What is it?" he whispered. "Is...?"

"No, Son!" Mrs. Parrin answered, steadyng him with the calm sweetness of her voice. "Those three single men from St. Louis—Ruel, Dorrance, and Maynard—have gone off with all the horses that are strong enough to travel. The Indian, Little Wolf, who joined us two days ago, has disappeared, too . . ."

"—and left us right in the middle of the longest desert haul without enough water to last—" exclaimed Jerry, in horror. But his mother's hand came up to touch his lips.

"Be quiet, Son!" she murmured. "And bow your head. . . ."

The Reverend Walter Parrin's prayer was short, and strong, and full of trust. At the closing, "AMEN!" the circle of faces showed new hope.

"We can leave here all but two of the wagons, and the bare necessities to get us across the desert," the clergymen stated. "We men can walk all the way—the women and children by turns, using the wagons. The hostile Indians and our friends, the horse thieves, have left us enough weakened animals to go on with, that way. . . Has anyone a better idea?"

When no one spoke, Jerry's father turned to him.

"We have a special task for you, Son," he said. "Your little riding mule cannot pull much weight—but he can carry you on a scout for water in the hills that parallel our route. Your mule's keen sense of smell may locate a seep or spring. You will not take any weapon. If you should NOT find water, every pound would count!"

It was three hours after dawn, when Jerry Parrin saw the buzzards. They were circling above a notch in the desert hills—watching some freshly dead or dying animal, probably. It might be one of the missing horses!

Obeying a hunch, Jerry struck into a draw that deepened as it wound among the hills. And there he found the horse tracks! As he followed them, he heard two shots. The sound came, confused with distance and the whistling of the cactus, from somewhere ahead.

Cautiously Jerry kept on. Around every bend he crept on foot, leading his little mule. At the fourth sharp bend he halted, in horri-

led surprise.

Just beyond him the three deserters, Ruef, Dorance and Nayland, lay beside a little pool of water, at the base of a ledge. Their bodies were twisted, as if in agony. Ruef's hand clutched a pistol—the others grasped lumps of stone. The terrible thing was their illness.

After a moment, Jerry approached them. Not one of the bodies he saw, bore any wound! What, then, had killed them? And who or what had Ruef shot at?

It could not have been a robber—for the dead fingers of Dorance and Nayland still clutched nuggets of pure, yellow gold! More yellow lumps gleamed dully below the pool's shallow water!

Jerry's mule supplied the answer to the mystery. Approaching the water, he sniffed loudly, blew out through his lips, and backed away. A moment later his loud disappointed bray echoed through the ravine.

"The water!" Jerry whispered through dry lips. "IT'S POISONED!"

He spun about—or a sound that was not an echo of his own voice. Again the dry chuckle sounded, and Jerry saw him—Little Wolf!

The Indian sat leaning against a rock, with his hands calmly folded over his stomach, and his right leg stained with blood.

"THAT was the shooting!" thought Jerry. "The Indian's leg must be broken—or he wouldn't be here."

Glancing about, the boy's eye lighted on a little pile of sticks, left by a spring breaker.



He selected two of the straightest, and hurried across to Little Wolf.

"I'll fix your leg with these—so it won't move," he said. "I'll use my shirt for a bandage! I'll put you on my mule, and lead him back to the wagons. And Mother will nurse you—eh?"

A strange look in the Indian's face stopped him from touching the wounded limb.

"Why you not leave me—take gold?" Little Wolf asked.

"Gold?" responded Jerry. "Oh! Well, my mule's weak with thirst. He couldn't carry you, and anything else. Now, let me—"

"Not!" the Indian exclaimed. "Little Wolf shot in stomach, too! Dying soon! Meet father in Happy Hunting Ground!"

He coughed; then, as Jerry stood speechless, he went on.

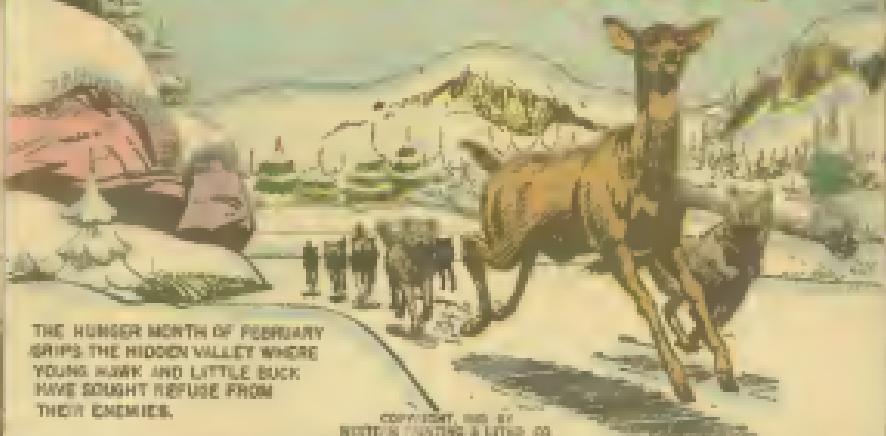
"Many summers ago, my father, the Chief, show this gold to white men. They kill him! I kill them, and bring gold back to trap more white men with bad hearts. My father's spirit have many white slaves in Happy Hunting Ground now!"

Another cough rocked Little Wolf. When he could speak again, he whispered:

"You, White Boy, not like them. You have good heart! You find your horses, far up this ARROYO . . . Find good water and great! You take gold, too."

When there was no more need to wait, Jerry Paxton rode on up the ravine. And he knew he would find everything, just as Little Wolf had said.

# YOUNG HAWK

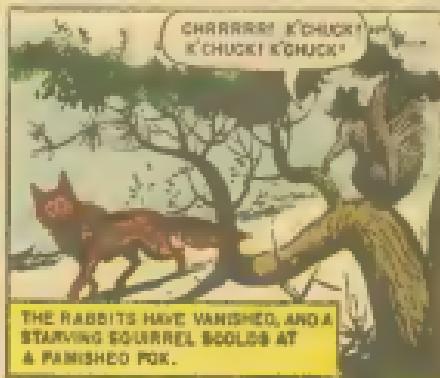


THE HUNGER MONTH OF FEBRUARY  
GRIPS THE HIDDEN VALLEY WHERE  
YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK  
HAVE SOUGHT REFUGE FROM  
THEIR ENEMIES.

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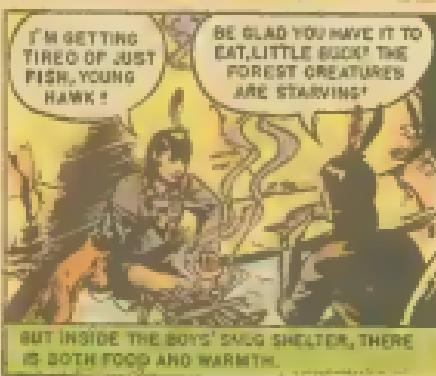


IN SAVAGE SILENCE, THE GRAY KILLERS PULL  
DOWN THE LAST LEAN BUCK.



CHARRRM! E'CHUCK!  
E'CHUCK! E'CHUCK!

THE RABBITS HAVE VANISHED, AND A  
STARVING SQUIRREL BOLUSES AT  
A PAMISHED FOX.



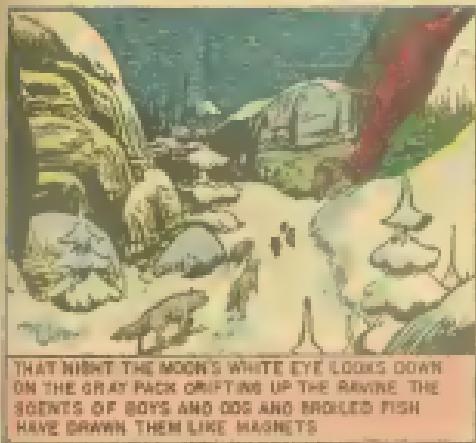
I'M GETTING  
TIRED OF JUST  
FISH, YOUNG  
HAWK!

BE GLAD YOU HAVE IT TO  
EAT, LITTLE BUCK! THE  
FOREST CREATURES  
ARE STARVING!

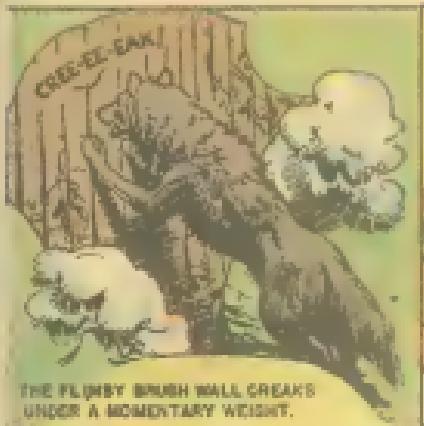
BUT INSIDE THE BOYS' SAGU SHELTER, THERE  
IS BOTH FOOD AND WARMTH.



TOMORROW WE MUST GO  
BACK TO THE LAKE AND  
CATCH MORE, THROUGH  
THE ICE! I HAVE SAVED  
THE TAIL FOR BAIT.



THAT NIGHT THE MOON'S WHITE EYE LOOKS DOWN  
ON THE GRAY PACK DRIFTING UP THE RAVINE. THE  
SCENTS OF BOYS AND DOG AND BROILED FISH  
HAVE DRAWN THEM LIKE MAGNETS



THE FLUMBY BRUSH WALL CREAKS  
UNDER A MOMENTARY WEIGHT.



THE BOYS' STIRRINGS WITHIN  
AND TUMBLEWEED'S LOUD GLAVOR  
--- ALARMS THE PACK.





THE LAST WOLF LEAPS INTO THE AIR.  
MORTALLY WOUNDED



---TO BE INSTANTLY SEIZED AND  
DRAGGED INTO THE SHADOWS, A  
MEAL FOR HIS STARVING FELLOW!



HUSH, TUMBLEWEED!  
WE WON'T SEE THEM  
AGAIN TONIGHT!

YOU'RE SURE,  
YOUNG HAWK?

YA-TARK-YARK-YARK!



YES --- I AM SURE!  
THEY HAVE HAD A SCARE  
AND A MEAL OF A KIND!  
BUT WE MUST BE ON THE  
WATCH FOR THEM AFTER  
THIS, AND STRENGTHEN  
OUR SHELTER!



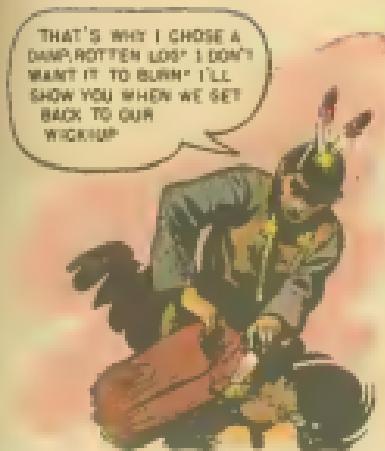
MOLT MORNING ---  
PLEASE TELL ME, YOUNG  
HAWK --- WHAT DO YOU WANT  
WITH THAT HOLLOW, HALF-  
ROTTEN LOG? THERE'S  
NO HEAT IN IT!

THERE WILL  
BE ---  
FOR YOU  
AND ME!



THESE WILL MAKE  
GOOD FIRE BUCKETS TO  
KEEP US WARM WHILE  
WE FISH THROUGH THE  
ICE OF THE LAKE!

FIRE BUCKETS?  
BUT THEY'RE  
TOO DAMP AND  
ROTTEN TO  
BURN ---

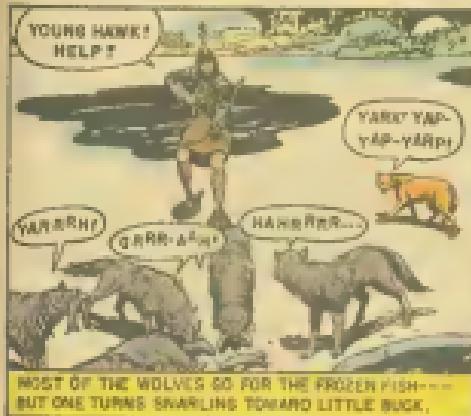




BUT LITTLE BUCK'S IS NOT THE ONLY HUNGRY STOMACH ON THE LAKE! THE GRAY KILLERS HAVE SCENTED HIS CATCH OF FISH!



LIKE A SILENT CLOUD THEY SWEEP ACROSS THE SNOWY SURFACE TOWARD THE UNSUSPECTING BOY AND DOG!



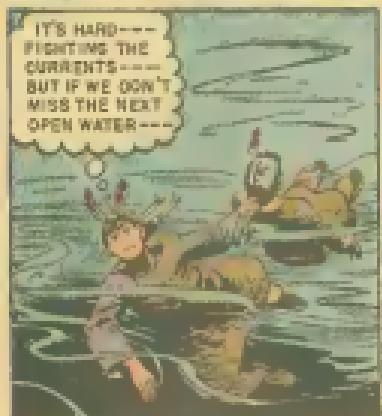
HOST OF THE WOLVES GO FOR THE FROZEN FISH---  
BUT ONE TURNS SHARLING TOWARD LITTLE BUCK,





---AND THEN ANOTHER---AND ANOTHER! WITH DEADLY AIM!





BOILING UP INTO THE NEXT OPEN PATCH,  
THE CURRENTS CARRY THE BOYS TO THE  
SURFACE --- JUST IN TIME.





SOMEHOW THE IMPOSSIBLE IS ACCOMPLISHED. WITH TUMBLEWEED'S HELP! KNUD HIMSELF, WITH THE Icy WATER, YOUNG HAWK GETS THE HALF-DROWNED BOY ONTO HIS SHOULDER.



DESPITE STIFFENING, FREEZING GARMENTS, YOUNG HAWK MANAGES A SHUFFLING RUN TO THE WOODED SHORE...



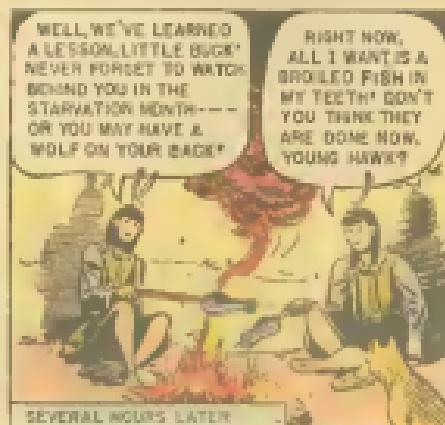
EMPTYING HIS "FIRE BUCKET" ONTO A PILE OF FINE-CUT KINDLING, YOUNG HAWK MAKES A QUICK BLAZE.



AS THE FLAMES GROW TALL, YOUNG HAWK STRIPS HIS PARTNER OF THE FREEZING-WATER SOAKED DUCKSONGS, AND CHAFES HIS LIMBS. GRADUALLY, THE MASSAGE AND HEAT BRING BACK CIRCULATION.



AND THEN---VIOLENT EXERCISE IN THE BITING WIND AND CAMPFIRE HEAT!



RIGHT NOW, ALL I WANT IS A BROILED FISH IN MY TEETH! DON'T YOU THINK THEY ARE DONE NOW, YOUNG HAWK?

SEVERAL HOURS LATER



## THE IRON HORSE

ILLUSTRATED BY GENE BURGESS  
WRITTEN BY GENE BURGESS

After the scouts had passed through and many claims had been staked, the iron horse made its appearance on the western plains. Often the Indians had lived in peace with their white neighbors for years. But when they suddenly saw the hissing, puffing steam engine racing across the country, bringing thousands of new settlers, they realized that the white men had come to stay and that nothing short of war could drive him out. Luckily, many of the men who first laid down this nation's western railroads were Civil War veterans. Besides their picks and shovels, they carried rifles and revolvers and often the road gang fought pitched battles against mounted braves bent on stopping the westward march of the iron horse.

The railroads changed the West very greatly. They meant swift transportation for small Army garrisons, cheaper rates for importing agricultural machinery and cattlemen's supplies and the influx of millions of new settlers. Railroad companies were granted land along their rights of way by the Federal Government and they soon started selling farms and building lots to settlers from the East. Whole towns were laid out and financed by railroad companies. The coming of the railroad ended the long cattle drives of the early West. It was no longer necessary to drive Texas cattle hundreds of miles north to market. Railroad spur ran south to Abilene, Kansas City, Wichita and Dodge City. Cattlemen only had to get their cattle from their ranches to the nearest railroad to sell their product. Without the railroads, the settling of the American West might well have taken another hundred years and much of the territory might never have become American soil at all.



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